

Miscellaneous.

SLAVERY AT SURINAM.

Our attention has lately been so much fixed on the slave struggle between North and South America, that we seem to have forgotten that Holland, a country to be seen on every map with a good glass on the coast of Yarmouth, or Low-castle, owns forty thousand slaves in the colony of Surinam, situated between the English colony of Demerara and the French colony of Cayenne.—Professor Van Hoelst, formerly a clergyman, but now a member of the Dutch States General, has recently published a very interesting work, entitled *Slaves and Free*, wherein he reveals the mysteries of the slave-driving craft in Surinam, in which colony he seems to have spent several years. The work is now in its third edition. Three editions in little more than a year, of a Dutch work, is a literary phenomenon. The work is at once a noble contribution to Dutch literature, and a fearful revelation of crimes perpetrated in Surinam, under the sanction of laws prescribed by the States-General of Holland—one of the leading Christian Powers of Europe, as the Dutch like to call it. We select two sketches from it, and recommend those to whom Dutch is not perfect Greek, to read Mr. Woodrell's volumes in their entirety.

"What news is there, bastinado?" asked a man about fifty years of age, of a negro who stood before him with a whip in his hand, the symbol of his dignity. He who made the inquiry had a countenance on which the traces of an immoderate use of brandy and rum were clearly perceptible, while his inflamed eyes and husky voice, his trembling hands and bloated face, and the clammy sweat that covered his forehead, were all signs of the excess to which he had, at least, the night before, been indulging in an excess in those burning waters. He was dressed in coarse linen trousers, and a jacket that covered his shoulders, leaving his chest bare, to cool as much as possible by the morning air the feverish heat of his skin, and within. He was the director of a remote plantation which we do not care to name.

"The slaves have done the work given them yesterday; there were a few lazy ones, but a stroke or two had the effect of making them complete their task."

"Is that all, bastinado?"

"Yes, massa. One of the cows has calved, but the calf is dead."

"The calf is dead?" asked the director with a fearful curse—"the calf dead? How can that be? Why is not my property better taken care of? Is this my property, bastinado?"

"I don't know, sir, what was the cause of the misfortune. Old Herman says that the cow could not stand yesterday evening, so that he could not drive her into the stables, and had to leave her all night in the meadow."

"But then this is the fault of that cursed old Herman! He has neglected to look after this business. So he left the cow in the meadow! The lazy nigger, what else has he to do but to look after my property? What else has he to do, bastinado?"

"Nothing, massa, nothing."

"But I understand it perfectly well. It is all a tale that he could not get the cow into the stable. He has done all this to suit himself. He wanted the beast to calve in the meadow; there was no body near. He killed the calf, and now he says it was dropped dead—thinking I will not eat it, and that he will throw it all to himself. Is it not so, bastinado?"

"I don't know, massa."

"Is it not so, bastinado?" he repeated, with features excited into savagery, with eyes threatening to start from their sockets, with a voice that yelled fearfully through hoarseness and passion.

"Yes, massa, it is so," answered the bastinado, apprehensively.

"So, then, then, you charge Herman with having killed my calf?"

"The bastinado uttered a scarcely audible 'Yes.'"

"Bring the wretch here! I'll speak to him."

The bastinado retired, but shortly returned, accompanied by a slave, who followed him tottering, and with difficulty, Enamelled and bowed down with age, the old man approached, coughing and wheezing, with evident symptoms of astonishment and fear. He had been born on that plantation, and that his father was of European, and not African origin, was proved by his color and features. His whole life had been laboring for the man who called himself his master. Then, even in old age, with its attendant infirmities and failings, he was always driven to the field with the whip, till he broke his leg by a fall, when, as he could no longer labor at field work, he was made a cowkeeper. His duty then was to look after the director's cattle; to provide their food, and superintend everything relating to them.

"So, you ungrateful devil!" said the director, "have you killed my calf? Is that because I have given you such a good place to live in?"

"The calf was dropped dead, massa."

"Dropped dead? You liar! And why then did you leave the cow out? And why were you not in the field that night when she calved?"

"I could not possibly get the cow in. Last evening she could scarcely stand on her legs. I have not been out the whole night."

"You lie. The bastinado caught you at it. He saw you kill the calf—didn't you, bastinado?"

"The negro nodded almost imperceptibly."

"Is it possible?" sighed the old slave, and was silent.

"I'll pay you out for this," growled the director, "you shall remember, my man, trying to feed so well on my meat. Bring the water to the coffee-loft, bastinado, and shut him up there. Let no body go near him; if anyone dares to go near him, he'll have a devil to deal with."

The slave, limping, followed the bastinado, and was locked up in the coffee-loft.

And there lay the unhappy man upon the floor. Nobody attended to him, for the fear of the director's rage kept all his slaves away. There he lay, unfriended, without bread or water, to drink. With the evening, hunger and thirst began fearfully to torment him, but no one came near to bring him a banana or a draught of water.

He fell asleep, but at midnight he was awake, tormented by an intense burning sensation in his throat and cutting pains in his stomach and bowels. But nobody came to console him, to comfort him, in his dreary solitude. No slumber came to refresh his heavy eyelids, and now and then his smarting pain drew from him shrieks of agony.

At length morning appeared. He heard foot steps; they approached his prison-house. At last thought he, I shall get some food; but drink!—O for a draught of water! The footsteps came near, the door was opened; the bastinado entered. With straining eyes the wretched creature watched his hands, but they bring nothing for him. The bastinado opens a window in the loft that looks in to the field, and, without uttering a word, leaves again.

Then the slave sees the creole-mamma with the young negroes—boys and girls—entrusted to her care, approach the building in which he is shut up. Each of the children carries the food and water that served them for breakfast. As they approach the coffee warehouse, the mother orders the children to sit down and get their breakfast.

That was a diabolical invention of the director to excite still more the hunger and thirst of his prisoner, to sharpen his appetite, and increase his agony by letting him see what was denied him. The children devoured all that was given them. The director himself stood at a short distance, to be able to discern the effect of this strategy on the countenance of his prisoner-house. At last the meal was over, the creole-mamma went away with her troop of juveniles, and the starved Herman remained alone in his misery, still further increased by the joy he had seen pictured on the countenances of the children, happy in their bananas and cases of water.

But such barbarity is unnatural, you will perhaps say. What could be the motive that urged the director to such cruelty? The loss of his calf might betray him into an ungenerous passion for a moment, but at the end of twenty-four hours that passion must have cooled down. How was this lingering desire for martyring possible. What had the slave done to him?

I admit that there must be a strong reason to induce some people in Surinam, who are at liberty to do as they like with their fellow creatures, whom

they are pleased to call their slaves, to perpetrate such tortures and cruelties; and here was such a reason. You shall see what it is, if you will follow the director, who, after enjoying the sight of the feasting creole children and the starving Herman, slowly withdrew. He returned home.

He sat down in his verandah, and an attendant brought him his coffee. While he was indulging in this tasty beverage, two female slaves slowly approached their master. One was a woman of about forty, though to appearance much older; the other was her daughter, a beautiful girl of that dubious age when the child merges into maidenhood. The jet-black eyes, that otherwise shone with light and life, had become red with weeping, while her mother shed bitter tears, and sobbed aloud. Both fell on their knees before the merciless director.

"Pardon for Herman," implored the mother.

"Pardon for my father," sobbed the child.

The director very complacently put down his coffee, and with a smile curling up his lip, he stared at the two women kneeling before him.

"Pardon? But what is that cowkeeper to you?"

"O! you know, massa," said the mother, "he is my husband—the man whom I love; he is the father of my child."

"He is my father!" said the girl.

"So, so, my child. Your father you may consider him if you will, but that is nothing to me. You have no father—I am your only family." And he laughed so amiably at his distorted features that he permitted him, and endearingly patted her cheeks.

"O! massa, pardon for Herman," again sighed the mother.

"Now, though you know very well that I am not bound to acknowledge your relationship to Herman, nor that of your daughter, yet I am inclined to be considerate. I will set the rogue at liberty—but on one condition. You must give your daughter to me. You must come and live with me, my dear child; you shall have everything you desire."

"But I may not consent to that, massa. My child is still so young. When she is older she can do as she likes, but I may not give her up now. Wait so long, massa, I beg, I implore you; and pardon now my poor Herman."

The director cast a look on the beautiful form of the maiden, still kneeling before him, and who trembled from head to foot. He grasped her by the arm.

"Do what I desire, Diana, and your father is saved," said he.

The child broke loose from his arm, and, sobbing and crying, hastened away with her mother. They left the director in a fearful state behind them. His legs trembled; his whole nervous system was unstrung; his whole body quivered. He sank down upon his chair, and it was some time before he was sufficiently collected to be able to speak. The most frightful curses on himself—on the two women slaves—on Herman—on all that was near him—were the first words he uttered.

"I'll pay you out for this! You shall know what it is to resist me. First the cowkeeper, and then your father!"

In the meantime, the negro Herman remained shut up in the coffee-loft. Hunger became to him more and more insupportable; but his thirst was unendurable. As the sun rose, and the heat increased, his sufferings became more and more intense.

"O! a draught of water! a draught of water!" he groaned; but nobody heard him. What pain he described the intensity of the poor fellow's suffering when the day was at its hottest, and the natural heat was increased by the oppressiveness of the loft in which he was a prisoner! And there, in the distance, he saw through the opened window the river flow; there saw he the water for which his parched palate thirsted.

About noon the director sent for the bastinado.

"Is Herman still locked up?" he asked.

"Yes, massa."

"And has anybody brought him anything?"

"Nobody."

"So that since yesterday morning he has had nothing to eat or drink?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, he'll be pretty hungry now; so you may put an end to his fast. Take him a herring."

"Good, massa," said the bastinado, in a very different tone, and at once executed the order.

Both the women who in the morning had solicited pardon for Herman, belonged to that category of plantation slaves called domestic slaves. Their occupation consisted of household labor, and they never left the house or its neighborhood. It need not be said that the director so took his measures as to prevent them from going in secret to assist the poor cowkeeper. But still he could not prevent them from anxiously watching all that transpired with regard to the imprisoned slave. Thus they saw the bastinado hurrying to the coffee-loft. What he carried they could not exactly make out, but they supposed it was food for the poor slave, and the thought gladdened their hearts.

The bastinado entered the coffee-loft, spoke not a word, but laid the herring down on the floor. The famished negro seized it as a tiger seizes his prey. He planted his teeth in the fish, and though the salt lashed his tongue, palate and throat, it did not prevent him from eagerly swallowing the food thus placed before him.

But who can describe the state of the man who, after having been kept without a drop of water for twenty-four hours to cool his burning lips and parched palate, now endeavored to still his hunger in such a way as this? Who can describe the fire that was consuming his burning entrails—the fearful thirst that tortured him? His sufferings made him desperate; his despair drove him to madness.

"Water," he groaned; "water!" And like one deprived of reason, he paces up and down the loft. "Water!" he cries, and groans, through the opening doors; but nobody answers him. The intensity of his agony increases every moment, and the blood seems to settle on his brain; and his eyes start from their sockets; and his chest heaves with oppression and torment; and all the time he sees the water of the river—he hears its ripple; it thrives him with irresistible force. He is driven to throw himself out of the window; he falls on his head on the stones below; a fall—a heavy fall is heard; the bastinado and the slaves, mother and daughter, rush frantically to the spot, and find—a corpse!

We afterwards find this League director punished by the society and imprisoned, by the Dutch Netherlands; not for his diabolical cruelty to poor old Herman—his death remains unavenged—but for his subsequent violence to Herman's daughter. The law is strangely tolerant of the slaveholder's cruelties; while, as Mr. Van Hoelst's work abundantly proves, it is brutally severe in respect to slaves.

The Moravian Brethren, it seems, have made this ed of Surinam a field for their missionary enterprise. We quote the following characteristic sketch from Mr. Van Hoelst's volumes.

"There are two more Moravian brethren just come; have you heard of it?" asked Pastor A. of Elder B., who had called to pay him a visit.

"So," answered the vestry official; and he added, with all the contemptuous words can express: "I'm not at all partial to these people; they come here only to spoil our slaves, and make them refractory."

The pastor stared at his brother elder with consternation. He had not been long in the colony; he was a society in which he still new to him. Such a judgment on men for whose self-denial he had always entertained the deepest respect, and whom he had never heard spoken of in Holland but with the greatest esteem, seemed to him so unaccountable, that he was at a loss what answer to give.

"Ah, domine, you don't know these people yet," continued Mr. B., when he observed the pastor's surprise; "when you have been here somewhat longer, you will admit that they are a great evil in this country."

"Pray explain yourself. The Moravians are evil for the colony?"

"Slaves can be governed only by holding them at a distance. Between them and the free there must be a deep, wide gulf. They must fear and the conviction that we are their masters, who may dispose of them as we choose, and who take care entirely in our hands. But that notion they have

lost entirely, on account of these cursed Moravians."

"I cannot see that. I have always heard that the missionaries teach them to be obedient to their masters."

"Possibly they may teach them that. But still these slaves lose all respect for us, and we are of the same religion as ourselves. I have had a striking instance of this recently among my own slaves."

"Be so good as to tell me the history, for I must confess I am altogether at a loss to comprehend your meaning."

"With pleasure. I have a slave—one Present—who has been thirty years in my service. Before, he never gave me cause to complain of him. Every morning, I sent him out to earn his own sustenance, and a guinea for his master, and to his honor I must say, he never missed. If there were not many ships, or was there but little doing on the quay, he yet knew how to get me a guinea. How he did it was, of course, no business of mine—that was for his account; on such matters we must allow them perfect liberty."

"Well, things went on thus, without my ever having to complain of him, till a year or so ago. Then he changed all at once. He began to neglect his duty; for night after night he came home without the guinea he was bound to bring his master. The first time I passed it over. Five-and-twenty years he had been as regular as the sun—he had not once neglected; so I thought I could afford to be generous and make no remark about it. But, shortly after, the very same thing happened again. Now, I felt it my duty to talk seriously with Present on the matter."

"Just tell me, you sir, I said to him, 'why have you not brought me my money?'"

"O! have you, forgive me. You know how many years I have served you. I am now an old man—I am not so strong as I was; and with the best will in the world, I cannot possibly bring you home a guinea every day."

"I must confess this had an effect on me. They say that a man's respect for his master is all that counts. But I had compassion on old Present, and reduced the sum to a shilling. If he brought me this sum regularly every day, I told him, I should be satisfied."

"That was noble of you," exclaimed Pastor A. "I am glad you approve of my conduct." replied the elder; "but you shall soon see how ungratefully my kindness was returned. Notwithstanding the reduction I had made in the amount of his earnings for me, he still came home every night so short. So I sent for him. 'Now, you said, if it were only a shilling, I would tell you, and I will bring you my money. I shall send you off to the Picket of Justice to be flogged.'"

"Then the wretch fell on his knees, and kissed mine, and howled and groaned like one possessed. 'Pardon, massa; good master, pardon! I have all along been thinking of going to you, but you the truth. It is not because I am too old, and cannot work, that I have lately failed to bring you home your money. I work harder and longer now than ever I did before in my life. But what I used to do I may not do now. Before, if my day's labor was insufficient to get you a guinea, I have very well how to make up the deficiency. When necessary, I cheated—stole it; and yet nobody ever found me out. But this I cannot do again. I must earn your money by honest labor, or I cannot bring it home. My eyes now are opened. I can no longer sin against God and man by being dishonest in my walk and conversation.'"

"Did a simple slave speak to you in that way?" asked Pastor A., with some astonishment.

"Yes, domine; and I was as much surprised as you are. I asked Present how he had got hold of such strange notions. And he told me the missionaries were the miscreants who had brought him to disobey their master's orders under all sorts of pretences and fine-sounding words—to form an opinion of their own about what we tell them to do. I could see very well that I should have had to adopt severe measures to restore Present to that obedience from which, thanks to the influence of the Moravians, he had swerved."

"Now, you rascal," I said to him, 'all that cant about others of our kind, I have heard, but I have nothing whatever to do. It would be strange indeed, if year after year, you had come by your daily guinea in a dishonest manner without being found out. I don't believe a word of it. Once for all, I tell you, the missionaries were the miscreants who had brought him to disobey their master's orders under all sorts of pretences and fine-sounding words—to form an opinion of their own about what we tell them to do. I could see very well that I should have had to adopt severe measures to restore Present to that obedience from which, thanks to the influence of the Moravians, he had swerved.'"

"Present," I said to him in a very quiet manner without getting at all into a passion—"Present, the measure is full; you go to the Picket of Justice to be flogged; and I ordered another slave to bring him home. The old rogue began to tremble from head to foot."

"O, master," he cried, 'forgive me this once!'"

"No, Present, it is now too late. I am very sorry; but in your old age you must make acquaintance with the whip."

"The three hours that I have just passed, I kissed them, and groaned and wept. Just imagine, domine, what he said. It was really impious in the mouth of such a worthy good-for-nothing. 'Master,' he cried, 'Christ said that men should forgive seventy times seven. Forgive me then, master, for Christ's sake.'"

"And you forgive him?" said Pastor A. in a trembling voice, and with tears in his eyes. "You forgive him? Tell me at once, Elder of our Christian Presbytery."

"But, the Elder, astonished, stared at the domine. 'He is a rascal,' he replied, with a countenance full of inexplicable consternation; 'well, certainly not. I sent him to the Picket of Justice, with the request that they would not spare him. What would be the consequence if these rascals perceived that by means of pious words they could evade the law? They would all very soon become pious, and we, their masters, would be in a pretty mess.'"

"What a country!" sighed Pastor A.

THE GROWTH OF MACHINERY.

Emerson in his "English Traits," has a striking and curious chapter on the above subject, from which we extract the following:

"This is a curious chapter in modern history, the growth of the machine. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the procession of the quinquages, the consequent necessity of the reform of the calendar, measured the length of the year, invented gunpowder, and announced the use of printing from his lofty cell over five centuries into ours."

"That machine can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do; nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer them. Carriages invented the aid of an animal, an incredible speed, without the aid of an animal. Finally, it would not be impossible to make machines which, by means of a suit of wings, should fly in the air in the manner of birds." But the secret slept with Bacon. The six hundred years have not yet fulfilled his words. Two centuries ago the sawing of timber was done by hand; the carriage wheels ran on wooden axles; the land was tilled by wooden ploughs. And it was little purpose that they had pit coal, or that looms were invented, unless Watt and Stephenson had by steam. The great strides were all taken by steam. Two hundred years. The Life of Sir Robert Peel who died the other day, the model Englishman, very properly has for a frontispiece a drawing of a spinning-jenny which wove the web of his fortune. Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny, and died in a work-house. Arkwright invented the invention, and the machine dispensed with the work of ninety-nine men; that is, one spinner could do as much work as a hundred had done before.

"The loom was improved further. But the men would sometimes strike for wages, and combine against their masters, and about 1829—30, much fear was felt lest the trade would be drawn away by these interruptions, and the emigration of the spinners to Belgium and the United States. Iron and steel are very obedient. Whether it were not possible to make a spinning-jenny that would not matter, nor scowl, nor strike for higher wages, nor emigrate. At the solicitation of the masters, after a mob and riot at Staleybridge, Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, undertook to create this peaceable fellow instead of the quarrelsome fellow God had made. After a few trials, he succeeded, and in a creation, the delight of mill owners, and destined they said, to restore order among the industrious classes; a machine requiring only a child's hand to piece the broken yarns. As Arkwright had destroyed domestic spinning, so Roberts destroyed the factory spinner. The power of machinery in Great Britain, in Mills, has been computed to be equal to 500,000,000 men, one man being able by the aid of steam, to do the work which required two hundred and fifty men to accomplish fifty years ago. The production has been commensurate."

These two graceful lyrics are from Mr. Dyer's volume of "Songs and Ballads"—Howe Journal.

THE HEART CAN TRUST NO MORE.

Hopes once gone are gone forever;
They return not to the heart;
Though we seek them, yet they never
Will again their light impart.

Thus, if love's first vows are broken,
Every dream of bliss is o'er;
Truth, once sullied, is the token
That the heart can trust no more!

Wealth and beauty, swiftly flying,
Outward griefs, can all be met;
While on plighted vows relying,
Fortune's frowns bring no regret.

But, if truth has once departed,
Love's fond dreams of bliss are o'er;
Then, alas! the broken-hearted
Betta the heart can trust no more!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.

But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor.

But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surprised,
'Tis better late than never!

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But, while you strive your utmost
Deal fairly with a brother.

Whatever your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.

Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—The National Magazine has a sketch of Douglas Jerrold, from which we clip the following interesting extracts:

By this time it is no secret that he is reputed in London literary circles to be the wittiest man going. In grave, downright or discursive conversation, or in eloquent and varied monologue, there may be others of our men of letters who come up to him or surpass him; but in the one quality of wit, and above all, in the facility of instant, pungent, dashing, blasting retort, he is believed to have no equal. Not that he is a peculiarly argumentative and combative man, far less that he is really cynical or ill-natured. His ordinary or spontaneous talk is bright, free, various, anecdotic, fanciful, and often very earnest though still characterized by a play of wit. But the fashion of 'wit combats,' even among friends, has not yet gone out; and often where there is no difference at all or where, if there is, it is a difference in a perfectly amicable one, something like the element of possibility of a jest—a jest conformation, a jest personal to the speaker, or a jest purely literary or where it is critical or sarcastic, or even a moment. A flash and it is over! A way, where among the affinities are one could count two: the thing has been caught; a word has been doubled up, an analogy seized on the wing; two ideas that had lain apart since chaos are suddenly brought together; the quickest retort is heard; first, the laugh goes round like a crack; and just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at the end of the table cries out 'I see it,' and sends round the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical or sarcastic, or even a moment, the speaker may go on at the peril of anger; when it is personal and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes part, that does not elicit from him half a dozen good things of the kind described."

FIRST PROTESTANT MEETING HOUSE IN AMERICA.—The first Protestant settlement in the United States was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, by the Pilgrims. The first church was built in 1609, and the first service was held in 1610. The first service was held in 1610, and the first service was held in 1610.

When I first went to Virginia, I well remember we did hang an awning (it is an old saw) to three or four trees to shade us from the sun; our walls were rafts of wood, our seats unhewn trees, till we cut planks, our pulpit a bar of wood, and our windows were made of paper. We were shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had but few better, and this came by way of adventure for a new. This was our Church till we built a house of brick, and the old tent was used for a storehouse. Yet we had daily Common Prayer, morning and evening, every Sunday sermons, and every three months the Holy Communion till our Minister died."

APPLIES BY THE ROADSIDE.—In Germany, it is common to line the highways with choice varieties of the apple. The owner marks alternate trees by tying to them a red string, which, in that country means, 'If you leave this fruit, you may have the road.' His ordinary or spontaneous talk is bright, free, various, anecdotic, fanciful, and often very earnest though still characterized by a play of wit. But the fashion of 'wit combats,' even among friends, has not yet gone out; and often where there is no difference at all or where, if there is, it is a difference in a perfectly amicable one, something like the element of possibility of a jest—a jest conformation, a jest personal to the speaker, or a jest purely literary or where it is critical or sarcastic, or even a moment. A flash and it is over! A way, where among the affinities are one could count two: the thing has been caught; a word has been doubled up, an analogy seized on the wing; two ideas that had lain apart since chaos are suddenly brought together; the quickest retort is heard; first, the laugh goes round like a crack; and just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at the end of the table cries out 'I see it,' and sends round the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical or sarcastic, or even a moment, the speaker may go on at the peril of anger; when it is personal and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes part, that does not elicit from him half a dozen good things of the kind described."

WEATHER ON THE OCEAN.—It frequently occurs that of two vessels leaving England at the same time and destined for the same port in the United States, one will experience very stormy weather, while the other will meet with moderate breezes and fine weather. This has occurred with vessels sailing in tracks not many miles apart, hence the great necessity for accurate tables of the prevailing winds of the year. The steamship *Argo*, which arrived at this port from Havre, France, on the 28th ult., in 13 days, (a very fast passage for her,) reported good weather, while every other steamer which crossed the Atlantic last month experienced most tempestuous weather.—N. Y. Paper.

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